

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The Figo for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. Exit.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Capitaine Fluellen.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersali World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warre, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. Exit.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother Iohn Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Capitaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir Iohn Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinke he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should hee be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saved.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howloeuver you speake this, to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after: for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille, shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am afraid, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Seas; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcilable Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, but his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murder; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Scales of Periuie; some, making the Warres their Sulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes; in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not fitt to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransomed, and wee ne're the wiser.

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll neuer trust his word after; come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeepe the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their Shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules, Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King: We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse, Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence No more can feeble, but his owne wringing. What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect, That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too, Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie? And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in? O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme, Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd, Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet, But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse, And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure. Thinke thou the fierie Feuer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation? Will it giue place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame, That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose. I am a King that find thee: and I know, 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball, The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall, The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle, The farsted Title running fore the King, The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe, That beates vpon the high shore of this World: No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie; Not all these, lay'd in bed Maiestically, Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue: Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressfull bread, Neuer sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell: But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set, Sweates in the eye of Phoebe; and all Night Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne, Doth rise and helpe Hiperio to his Horse, And followes so the euer-running yeere With profitable labour to his Graue: And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch, Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe, Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King. The Slaue, a Member of the Countreys peace, Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots, What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace; Whose howres, the Peasant best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles ialous of your absence, Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord. Exit.

King. O God of Battailles, Steele my Souldiers hearts, Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers: Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault My Father made, in compassing the Crowne. I Richards body haue interred new, And on it haue bellowed more contrite teares, Then from it illud forced drops of blood. Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerly pay, Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp Toward Heaven, to pardon blood: And I haue built two Chuntries, Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still For Richards Soule. More will I doe: Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth; Since that my Penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.